

Fidessa, more
chaste then
kinde.

By B. Griffin, gent.



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TO THE MOST
KINDE AND VERTV-

ous gentleman, M. VVilliam

Essex of Lainebourne, in the
Countie of Barke
Esquire.

S Ir, it may seeme strange that
I should be thus far bold to
make choyce of your selfe, a pa-
tron of so slender a work, (espe-
cially being so little knowne vn-
to you as I am:) but howsoeuer,
I protest what is done, procee-
deth from the vnfained loue I
beare vnto you, your owne de-

A 3 merit,



The Epistle Dedicatric.
merit, your friendes hope, & the
good reporte of all men. All
which, are liuely witnesses of
your loue to the Muses, your
grace with fortune, & your fame
with the worlde, quickened in
your birth, increased in your
trauailes, and liuing after death.
Daigne (sweete sir) to pardon
the matter, iudge fauorably of
the manner, and accept both: so
shall I euer rest yours in all dew-
tifull affection.

Yours euer,
B.Griffin.



TO THE GENTLEMEN
OF THE INNES OF
COVRT.

Vrteous Gentlemen, it may please you intertaine with patience this poore pamphlet, vnwor-
thy I confesse so worthy patronage,
if I presume, I craue pardon: if of-
fend, it is the first fruite of any my
writings: if dislike, I can be but so-
ry. Sweete Gentlemen, censure mild-
lie, as protectors of a poore stranger,
judge the best; as incouragers of a
young beginner: So shall I make true
report of your vndeservued fauours,

A. & and



TO THE READER.

and you shall be your selues euer cur-
seous. In this hope (if promise may
goe for currant) I willingly make
the same vnto you of a Pastorall yet
unfinished, that my purpose was to
haue added (for varietie sake) to
this little volume of Sonnets: the
next yearme you may expect it. In
the meane time I wholy relye on your
gentle acceptance.

Yours euer,
B. Griffin.

Faultes escaped, amen a thus.
Sonnet 36. line 6. dele Be. Sonnet 50 l. 6. for Delight-
teth nothing, reade Delight the nothing.





TO FIDESSA.

130 NNN & T. 32

Fertur fortunam fortuna sauere ferenti.
Fides faire; longe lile a happy maiden,
Blest from al her pale by a worthie mother:
High-thoughted (like to her) with bountie laden,
Like' pleasing grace affording one and other.
Sweet model worthy firrenowiced sire,
Hold backe a while i thy ever-giving hand:
And though chescifre pendlines do nought require,
For that they shone at base Reward to stand:
Yet craue they almoost so that they begge the least,
Dunbe is the message of my hidden grieve,
And store of speche by fileace is increast,
Oh let me then purchase some relieve.
Bounteous Fides can not be so cruell,
As for to make my heart her fancies fiell.

B

How



OT

SONNET. II.

How can that piercing christall-painted eye,
That gaue the onset to my high-aspiring,
Yeelding each looke of mine a sweet replye,
Adding new courage to my hearts desiring,
How can it shut it selfe within her Arke,
And keepe her selfe and me both from the light:
Making vs walke in al-misguiding darke,
Aye to remaine in confines of the night?
How is it that so little roome contains it,
(That guides the Orient, as the world the Sunne?)
Which once obscur'd, most bitterly complaines it,
Because it knowes and rules what ere is done.
The reason is, that they may dread her sight,
Who doth both giue and take away their light.

Venus

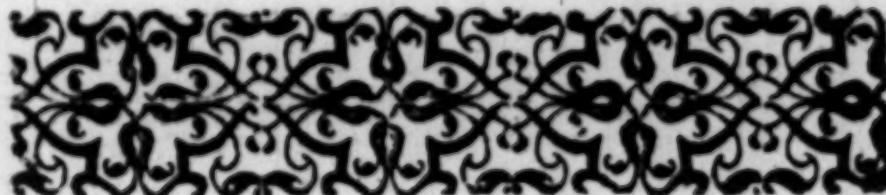


SONNET. III.

V
Enus, and yong *Adonis* sitting by her,
Vnder a Myrtle shade began to woe him:
She told the yong-ling how god *Mars* did tric her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
Euen thus (quoth she) the wanton god embrac'd me,
(And then she clasp'd *Adonis* in her armes)
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac'd me,
As if the boy should vse like louing charmes.
But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistris at that bay,
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away!

B 2 .

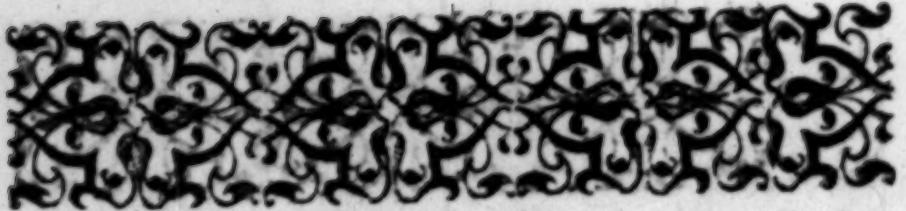
Did





SONNET. XLV.

Did you sometimes three German brethren see
Rancor twixt two of them so raging rife,
That th'one could stick the other with his knife?
Now if the third assalid chance to bee
By a fourth stranger him set on the three:
Them two twixt whom afore was deadly strife,
Made one to robbe the stranger of his life.
Then doe you know our state alweil as we,
Beautie and Chastitie with her were borne
Both at one birth, and vp with her did grow:
Beautie still foe to Chastitie was sworne,
And Chastitie sworne to be Beauties foe:
And yet when I lay siege vnto her heart,
Beautie and Chastitie both take her part.
Arraign'd





SONNET. OK.

A Raign'd poore captiuē at the banēd stand^d IV
The barre of Beautie, barre to all my ioyes,
And vp I hold my euer-trembling hand^d V
Wishing or life or death to end my woes.
And when the Judge doth question of the guilt,^d VI
And bids me speake, then sorrow shewes vp words:
Yea though he say speake boldly what thou wile,^d VII
Yet my consilde affects no speech affords,^d VIII
For why (alas) my passions haue no bound,^d IX
For feare of death that penetrates so sicere,^d X
And still one griefe another doth confound,^d XI
Yet doth a long dray way to iudgement appeare,^d XII
Then (for I speake too late) the Judge doth giue
His sentence that in prison I shal be sent^d XIII

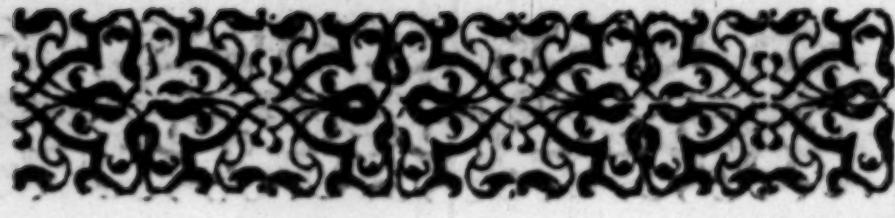




SONNET. VI.

VNhappie sentence, worst of worst of paines,
To lie in darksome silence out of ken :
Banisht from all that blisse the world containes,
And thrust from out the companies of men.
Vnhappie sentence, worse then worst of deaths,
Neuer to see *Fidesfaes* louely face :
Oh better were I loose ten thousand breaths,
Then euer liue in such vnseene disgrace.
Vnhappie sentence, worse then paines of hell,
To liue in self-tormenting griefes alone :
Hauing my heart my prison and my cell,
And there consum'd, without relief to mone.
If that the sentence so vnhappie be,
Then what am I, that gaue the same to me ?.

Oft





SONNET. VII.

Oft haue mine eyes the Agents of mine heart,
(False traytor eyes conspiring my decay)
Pleaded for grace with dumbe and silent art,
Streaming foorth teares my sorrowes to allay.
Moning the wrong they doe vnto their Lord,
Forcing the cruell faire by meanes to yeeld:
Making her (gainst her will) some grace t'affoord,
And striuing sore as length to winne the field.
Thus worke they meanes to feed my fainting hope,
And stregthened hope ads matter to each thought
Yet when they all come to their end and scope,
They doe but whollie bring poore me to nought.
She'l never yeeld, although they euer crye,
And therefore we must altogether dye.

M

B 4

Griefe





SONNET. VIII.

Griefevg inguest, great cause haue I to plaine me,
Yet hope perswading hope expecteth grace:
And saith none but my selfe shal euer paine me,
But grise my hopes exceedeth in this case.
For still my fortune euer moe doth crosse me,
By worse euents then euer I expected,
And here and there evn thou sand wales doth tosse me
With sad remembrance of my time neglected.
These breedis alay thoughts as se my heart on fire,
And like fell hounds pursue me to the death.
Trayters unto their souerayne bold and dire,
Unkind exaltors of their fathers brest nobrod
Whom in their rage they shal nider kill, on l'side
Then they thei selues themselues vniustly spill.
My



SONNET. LX.

MY spoules loue that never yet was tainted,
My boyall heart that never can be moued:
My growing hope that never yet hath fainted,
My constancie that you full well haue proued.
All these consented haue to pleade for grace,
These all lyе crying at the doore of Beaulte,
This wailes, this sends out teares, this cryes apace!
All doe reward expect of faith and dutie.
Now either thou must phone vnto vnsydest only,
And as thou fairest art, misfretuelist be.
Or els with pitie yeold vnto their money,
Their thone that euer will importune thes.
Ah thou must be vnkind and grauenidally,
And I poore l. must stand vme my trialls blomby.

Clip





SONNET. X.

C
lip not sweet loue the wings of my desire,
Although it soare aloft and mount too hie:
But rather beare with me though I aspire:
For I haue wings to beare me to the skie.
What though I mount, there is no Sunne but thee?
And sith no other Sunne, why shoulde I feare?
Thou wile not burne me though thou terrifie:
And though thy brightnes doe so great appeare,
Deere, I seeke not to batter downe thy glorie,
Nor doe I enuie that thy hope increaseth:
Oh neuer thinke thy fame doth make me sorrie,
For thou must liue by fame when beautie ceaseth.
Besides, since from one roote we both did spring,
Why shouldest not I thy fame and beautie sing?

Wing'd





SONNET. XI.

W^Ing'd with sad woes, why doth faire Zephire blow
Vpon my face, (the map of discontent)
Is it to haue the weedes of sorrow grow
So long and thicke, that they will nere bee spent?
No fondling, no, it is to coole the fire,
Which hot desire within thy breast hath made:
Check him but once, and he will soone retire:
Oh but he sorrowes brought, which cannot fade.
The sorrowes that he brought he tooke from thee,
Which faire Fideffa spun, and thou must weare:
Yet hath she nothing done of crueltie,
But (for her sake) to trie what thou wilt beare.
Come sorrowes come, you are to me assigndc,
Ile beare you all: it is Fideffas minde.

Oh





SONNET. XII.

O if my licauenly sighes must proue annoy,
Which are the sweetest musick to my heart:
Let it suffice I count them as my joy,
Sweet bitter joy, and pleasant painfull smart.
For when my breast is clogg'd with thousand cares,
That my poore loaded heart is like to break:
Then every sigh doth question how it fares,
Seeming to add their strength: which makes me
Yer (for they friendly are), entayne them, (weake.
Ambition so well are pleased with their boast:
But I (had not ~~ever~~ been) ere now had staine them,
Lest for her cause they live, in her they boast.
They promise helpe, but when they see her face,
They fainting yeeld, and dare not sue for grace.

Com-

10





SONNET LXV.

Compare me to the child that playes with fire,
Or to the flye that dyeth in the flame:
Or to the foolish boy that did aspire,
To touch the glorie of high heauens frame;
Compare me to Lander struggling in the waues,
Notable to attaine his safeties shore and bank:
Or to the sické that do respect their graves,
Or to the captive crying ouer more: 2003 said
Compare me to the weeping wounded Hare,
Moning with teates the period of his life:
Or to the Bore that will not feele his smart,
When he is striken with the butchers knife; or I
No man to these can fitly me compare: 2003 said
This liue to dye: I dye to live in care: you (die) and
When

-378-

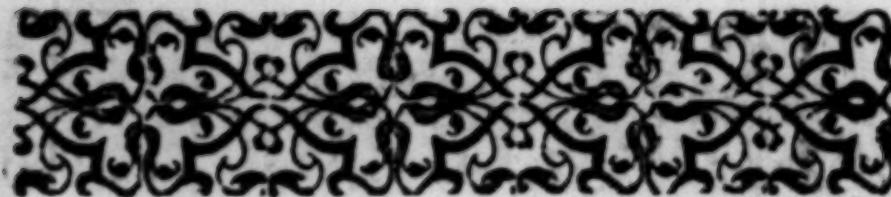




SONNET. XIII.

When silent sleepe had closed vp mine eyes,
My watchfull minde did then begin to muse:
A thousand pleasing thoughts did then arise,
That sought by sleights their master to abuse.
I saw (oh heauenly sight) Fideſſaes face,
(And faire dame Nature blushing to behold it)
Now did ſhe laugh, now winke, now ſmile apace,
She tooke me by the hand, and fast did hold it.
Sweetly her ſweet bodie did ſhe lay downe by me,
Alas poore wretch (quoth ſhe) great is thy sorrow :
But thou ſhalt comfort find if thou wilt tric me,
I hope (ſir boy) youle tell me newes to morrow.
With that away ſhe went, and I did wake withall,
When (ah) my hony thoughts were turn'd to gall.

Care-





SONNET. XV.

Care-charmer sleepe, sweete ease in restles miserie,
The captiuers libertie, and his freedomes long:
Balme of the brused heart, mans chiefe felicitie,
Brother of quiet death, when life is too too long.
A Comedie it is, and now an Historie,
What is not sleepe vnto the feeble minde?
It easeth him that toyles, and him that's sorrie:
It makes the deafе to heare, to see the blinde.
Vngentle sleepe, thou helpest all but me,
For when I sleepe my soule is vexed most:
It is *Fides* that doth master thee,
If she approach (alas) thy power is lost.
But here she is: see how he runnes amaine,
I feare at night he will not come againe.

For





SONNET. XVI.

For I haue loued long I crave rewards,
Rewards me not vñkindlie : thinke on kindnes;
Kindnes becommeth thole of high regarde:
Regard with clemency a poore mans blindnes,
Blindnes prouokes to pitie when it crieth,
It crieth (grieve) deere lady shew some pitie,
Pittie, or let hym die that day he dieth:
Dieth he not 9st who oftens sings this dittie?
This dittie pleaseth me althoough it choke me
Me thinkes dame Echo weepeth at my moning,
Moning the woes, that to complaine prouoke me.
Prouoke me now no more, but heare my groaning;
Groaning both night and day doth teare my brest,
My hart doth know the cause, & triumphs in his smart.
Sweete



SONNET. XVII.

Sweet stroke (so might I thriue) as I must praise,
But sweeter hand that giues so sweet a stroke:
The Lute it selfe is sweetest, when she plaies,
But what heare I ? a string through feare is broke.
The Lute doth shake, as if it were afraide,
Oh sure some Goddess holds it in her hand !
A heauenly power that oft hath me dismaide,
Yet such a power as doth in beautie stand.
Cease Lute, my ceaseles suite will nere be heard:
(Ah too hard-hearted she that will not heare it)
If I but thinke on ioy, my ioy is mard,
My griefe is great, yet euer must I beare it.
But loue twixt vs will proue a faithfull page,
And she will loue my sorrowes to asswage.

C

Oh





SONNET. XXVIII.

OH she must loue my sorrowes to affwage,
 Oh God what ioy felt I when she did smile?
Whom killing griefe before did cause to rage,
 (Beautie is able sorrow to beguile.)
Out traytor absence, thou doest hinder me,
 And mak'st my Mistris often to forget;
Causing me raile vpon her crueltie,
 Whil'st thou my suite iniuriously doest let.
Againe, her presence doth astonish me,
 And strikes me dumbe, as if my sense were gone:
Oh is not this a strange perplexitic?
 In presence, dombe: she heares not absent mone.
Thus absent presence, present absence maketh,
 That (hearing my poore suite) she it mistaketh.

My



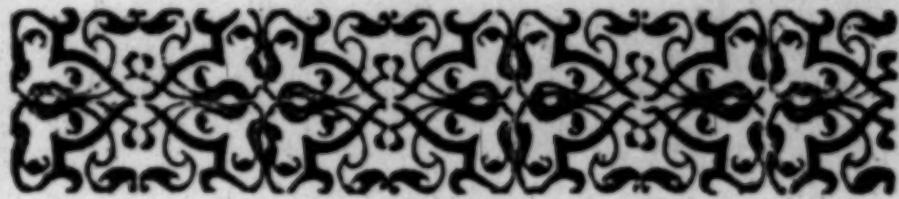


SONNET. XIX.

MY paine paints out my loue in dolefull verse,
The liuely glasse wherein she may behold it)
My verse her wrong to me doth still rehearse:
But so, as it lamenteth to vnfold it.
My selfe with ceasles teares my harmes bewaile,
And her obdurate heart not to be moued:
Though long continued woes my senses faile,
And curse the day, the houre when first I loued.
She takes the glasse, wherein her selfe she sees
In bloudie colours cruelly depainted:
And her poore prisoner humbly on his knees,
Pleading for grace with heart that never fainted.
She breakes the glasse, (alas I cannot choose)
But grieue that I should so my labour loose.

C 2

Great





SONNET. XX.

Great is the ioy that no tongue can expresse,
Faire babe(new borne) how much doest thou de-
But what is mine so great? yea no whit lesse (light me?
So great, that of all woes it doth acquite me.
It's faire *Fides* that this comfort bringeth,
Who sorrie for the wrongs by her procured,
Delightfull tunes of loue of true loue singeth,
Wherewith her too-chast thoughts were nere inu-
She loues (she saith) but with a loue not blind, (red.
Her loue is counsaile that I should not loue,
But vpon vertues fixe a staied mind:
But what? this new coynd loue, loue doth reproue.
If this be loue of which you make such store,
Sweet, loue me lesse, that you may loue me more.

He



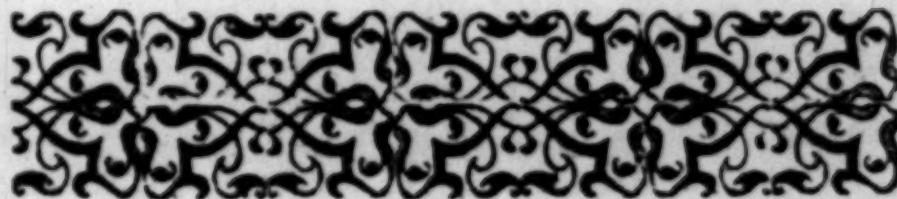


SONNET. XXI.

HE that will *Cesar* be, or els not be,
(Who can aspire to *Cesars* bleeding fame?)
Must be of high resolute: but what is he
That thinkes to gaine a second *Cesars* name.
Who ere he be that climes aboue his strength,
And climeth high, the greater is his fall:
For though he sit a while, we see at length
His slippere place no firmnes hath at all.
Great is his bruse that falleth from on high,
This warneth me that I should not aspire:
Examples should preuaile: I care not I,
I perish must, or haue what I desire.
This humour doth with mine full well agree,
I must *Fides* be, or els not be.

C 3

K

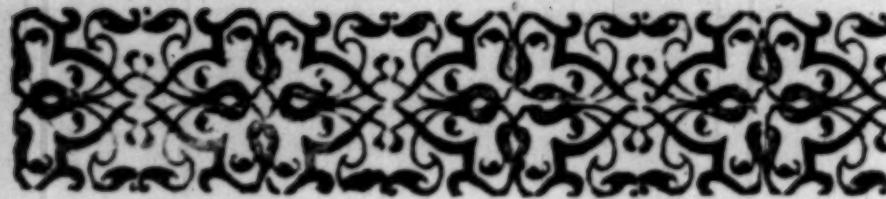




SONNET. XXII.

IT was of loue vngentle gentle boy,
That thou didst come and harbour in my brest:
Not of intent my body to destroy,
And haue my soule with restles cares opprest.
But sith thy loue doth turne vnto my paine,
Returne to *Greece* (sweete lad) where thou wast
Leau me alone my grieves to entertaine, (borne:
If thou forsake mee, I am lesse forlorne.
Although alone, yet shall I finde more ease:
Then see thou hie thee hence, or I will chase thee:
Men highly wronged care not to displease:
My fortune hangs on thee, thou doest disgrace me.
Yet at thy farewell play a friendly part,
To make amends, flye to *Fides* hart.

Flye





SONNET. XXIII.

FLye to her heart, houer about her heart,
With daintie kisses mollifie her heart:
Pierce with thy arrowes her obdurate heart,
With sweet allurements euer moue her heart.
At midday and at midnight touch her heart,
Be lurking closely, nestle about her heart:
With power, (thou art a god) command her heart,
Kindle thy coales of loue about her heart,
Yea euèn into thy selfe transforme her heart.
Ah she must loue, be sure thou haue her heart,
And I must dye, if thou haue not her heart.
Thy bed (if thou rest well) must be her heart:
He hath the best part sure that hath the heart:
What haue I not, if I haue but her heart?

C 4

Striving

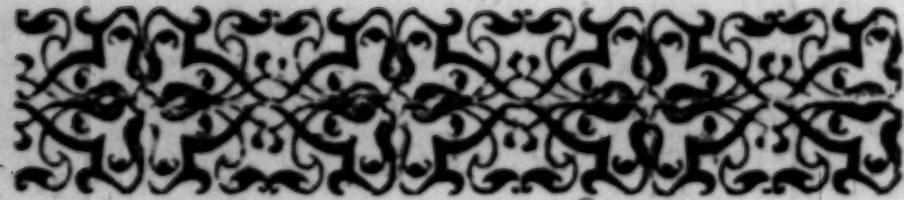




SONNET. XXIIII.

Triuing is past, ah I must sinke and drowne,
And that in sight of long descried shore:
I cannot send for ayd vnto the towne,
All helpe is vaine, and I must dye therefore.
Then poore distressed caytive, be resolued
To leauue this earthly dwelling fraught with care:
Cease will thy woes, thy corps in earth inuolued,
Thou dyeſt for her that will no helpe prepare.
Oh ſee: my caſe her ſelfe doth now behold,
The caſement open is, ſhe ſeemeſ to ſpeeke:
But ſhe is gone: oh then I dare be bold,
And needs muſt ſay, ſhe cauſde my heart to breake.
I dye before I drowne, oh heauie caſe,
It was because I ſaw my miſtris face.

Com-

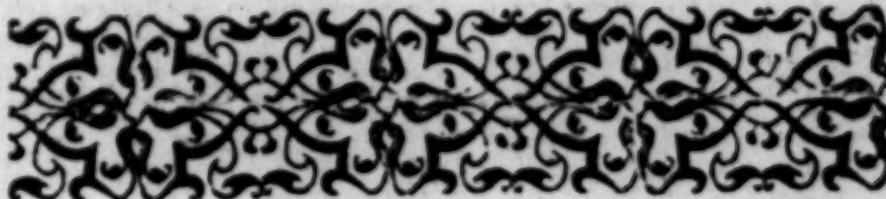




SONNET. XXV.

Compare me to *Pygmalion* with his image sotted,
For (as was he) euen so am I deceiued:
The shadow only is to me alotted,
The substance hath of substance me bereued.
Then poore and helples must I wander still,
In deepe laments to passe succeeding daies:
Weltring in woes that poore and mightie kill,
Oh who is mightie that so soone decaies!
The dread almighty hath appoynted so,
The finall period of all worldly things:
That as in time they come, so must they goe,
(Death common is to beggers and to kings)
But whither doe I runne beside my text?
I runne to death, for death must be the next.

The





SONNET. XXVI.

THE sillie bird that hafts vnto the net,
And flutters to and fro till she be taken,
Doth looke some foode or succour there to get,
But looseth life, so much is she mistaken.
The foolish flie that flieth to the flame,
With ceaseles houering, and with restles flight,
Is burned straight to ashes in the same,
And findes her death, where was her most delight.
The proude aspiring boye that needes would pric
Into the secrets of the highest seate,
Had some conceite to gaine content thereby,
Or else his follie sure was wondrous great.
These did through follie perish all and die,
And (though I know it) cuen so doe I.

Poore





SONNET. XXVII.

Poore worme, poore silly worme, (alas poore beast)
Feare makes thee hide thy head within the groud,
Because of creeping things thou art the least,
Yet euery foote giues thee thy mortall wound.
But I thy fellow worme am in worse state,
For thou thy Sunne enjoyest, but I want mine:
I liue in irksome night: oh cruell fate!
My Sunne will neuer rise, nor euer shine.
Thus blind of light, mine eyes misguide my feete,
And balefull darknes makes me still afraide:
Men mocke me when I stumble in the streete,
And wonder how my yong sight so decaide.
Yet doe I ioy in this (euen when I fall)
That I shall see againe, and then see all.

Well

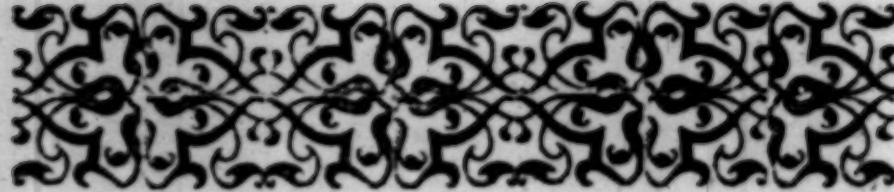




SONNET. XXVII.

WEll may my soule immortall and diuine,
That is imprison'd in a lump of clay,
Breadh out laments, vntill this bodie pine,:
That from her takes her pleasures all away.
Pine then thou lothed prison of my life ;
Vntoward subiect of the least aggrievance,
Oh let me dye : mortalitie is rife,
Death comes by wounds, by sicknes, care, & chance
Oh earth, the time will come when i'le resume thee,
And in my bosome make thy resting place :
Then doe not vnto hardest sentence doome me,
Yeeld, yeeld betimes, I must and will haue grace.
Richly shalt thou be intomb'd, since for thy graue,
Fideffa, faire *Fideffa* thou shalt haue.

Earth





SONNET. XXIX.

Earth,take this earth wherin my spirits lāguish,(you:
Spirits,leaue this earth that doth in griefs retaine
Griefs,chase this earth,that it may fade with anguish,
Spirits,auoide these furies which doe paine you;
Oh leaue your lothsome prison,freedome gaine you,
Your essence is diuine,great is your power:
And yet you mone your wrongs & sore cōplaine you,
Hoping for ioye which fadeth euery howre.
Oh Spirits your prison loath,& freedome gaine you !
The destinies in deepe lamentes haue shut you
Of mortall hate,because they doe disdaine you,
And yet of ioy that they in prison put you.
Earth,take this earth with thee to be inclosed:
Life is to me, and I to it opposed.

Weepe

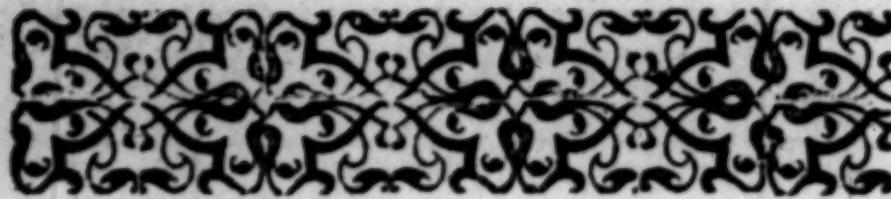




SONNET. XXX.

WEepe now no more mine eyes, but be you drowned
In your own teares, so many yeates distilled:
And let her know that at them long hath frowned,
That you can weepe no more, although she willed.
This hap her crueltie hath her alotten,
Who whilom was commaundres of each part:
That now her proper grieves must be forgotten,
By thosc true outward signes of inward smart.
For how cā he that hath not one teare left him, (ning)
Streame out thosc floodes that's due vnto her mo-
When both of eyes and teares she hath bereft him:
Oh yet i'le signify my grieve with groning!
True sighes, true grones shall echo in the ayre,
And say *Fides* (though most cruell) is most fayre.

Tongue





SONNET. XXXI.

Tongue never cease to sing Fides ses praise,
Heart (how euer she deserue) conceaue the best:
Eyes stand amaz'd to see her beauties raias,
Lippes steale one kisse and be for euer blest.
Hands touch that hand wherein your life is closed,
Brest locke vp fast in thee thy liues sole treasure,
Armes still imbrace and never be disclosed,
Feete runne to her without or pace or measure,
Tongue, hart, eyes, lipps, hands, brest, armes, feete,
Consent to doe true homage to your Queene:
Louelie, faire, gentle, wise, vertuous, sober, sweete,
Whose like shall never be; hath never beene,
Oh that I were all tongue her praise to shew:
Then surclie my poore hart were freed from woe.

Sor





SONNET. XXXII.

Sore sicke of late, Nature her due would haue,
Great was my paine where still my mind did rest:
No hope but heauen, no comfort but my graue,
Which is of comforts both the last and least.
But on a sudden th' almighty sent
Sweet easse to the distresse and comfortlesse,
And gaue me longer time for to repent,
With health and strength the foes of feeblenes.
Yet I my health no sooner gan recouer,
But my old thoughts (though ful of cares) retained,
Made me (as erst) become a wretched louer
Of her, that loue and louers aye disdained.
Then was my paine with ease of paine increased,
And I ne're sicke vntill my sicknes ceased.

He





SONNET. XXXIII.

HE that would faine *Fides* image see,
My face of force must be his looking glasse:
There is she portraide and her craultie,
Which as a wonder through the world must passe.
But were I dead, she would not be betraide:
It's I that gainst my will shall make it knowne,
Her craultie by me must be bewraide,
Or I must hide my head, and liue alone.
Ile plucke my siluer haires from out my head,
And wash away the wrinkles of my face:
Closely immur'd I'le liue as I were dead,
Before she suffer but the least disgrace.
How can I hide that is alreadie knowne?
I haue been scene, and haue no face but one.

D

Fie





SONNET. XXXIII.

Fle pleasure fie, thou cloy'st me with delight!
(Sweet thoughts you kill me if you lower stray)

Oh many be the ioyes of one short night!

Tush fancies never can desire allay.

Happie vnhappie thoughts: I thinke and haue not

Pleasure: oh pleasing paine! Shewes nought auail
Mine own cōceit doth glad me, more I craue not: (me.

Yet wanting substance, woe doth still affaile me.

„ Babies doe children please, and shadowes fooles:

„ Shewes haue deceiu'd the wisest many a time:

„ Euer to want our wish our courage cooles:

„ The ladder broken, t'is in vaine to clime.

But I must wish, and craue, and seeke, and clime,

It's hard if I obtaine not grace in time.

I





SONNET. XXXV

I Haue not spent the Aprill of my time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the aire:
But doe at first aduenture seeke to clime,
Whil'st flowers of blooming yeares are greene and
I am no leauing of al-withering age, (faire.
I haue not suffred many winter lowres:
I feele no storme, ynlesse my Loue doe rage,
And then in grieve I spend both daies and hours.
This yet doth comfort that my flower lasted,
Vntill it did approach my Sunne too neere:
And then (alas) vntimely was it blasted,
So soone as once thy beautie did appeare.
But after all, my comfort rests in this,
That for thy sake my youth decaied is.

D 2

Oh





SONNET. XXXVI.

O H let my heart, my bodie and my tongue,
Bleed forth the lively stremes of taith vnfained:
Worship my saint the Gods and Saints among,
Praise and extoll her faire that me hath pained.
Oh let the smoake of my supprest desire
Be rak'd vp in ashes of my burning brest,
Breake out at length, and to the clowdes aspire,
Vrging the heauens t' affoord me rest.
But let my bodie naturally descend
Into the bowels of our common mother,
And to the very Center let it wend:
When it no lower can, her grieves to smother.
And yet when I so low doe buried lie,
Then shall my loue ascend ynto the skie.

Faire





SONNET. XXXVII.

FAire is my loue that feedes among the Lillies,
The Lillies growing in that pleasant garden,
Where Cupids mount that welbeloued hill is,
And where that little god himselfe is warden.
See where my Loue sits in the beds of splices,
Beset all round with Camphere, Myrrhe and Roses,
And interlac'd with curious deuices,
Which her from all the world apart incloses.
There doth she tune her Lute for her delight,
And with sweet musick makes the ground to moue,
Whil'st I(poore I) doe sit in heauie plignt,
Wayling alone my vnrespected loue,
Not daring rush into so rare a place,
That giues to her and she to it a grace.

D 3

Was





SONNET. XXXVIII.

Was never eye did see my Mistris face,
Was never eare did heare Fides faes tongue,
Was never mind that once did mind her grace,
That euer thought the trauaile to be long.
When her I see, no creature I behold,
So plainly say these aduocates of loue,
That now doe feare, and now to speake are bold,
Trembling apace, when they resolute to proue.
These strange effects doe shew a hidden power,
(A majestic all base attempts reproving)
That glads or daunts as she doth laugh or lower,
Surely some goddesse harbours in their mouing:
Who thus my muse from base attempts hath raised,
Whom thus my muse beyond compare hath praised.

My





SONNET. XXXIX.

MY Ladies haire is threeds of beaten gold,
Her front the purest Christall eye hath seene:
Her eyes the brightest starres the heauens hold,
Her cheeke red Roses, such as feld haue been:
Her pretie lips of red vermillion dye,
Her hand of yuorie the purest white:
Her blush *Aurora*, or the morning skyc,
Her breast displaies two siluer fountaines bright,
The Spheares her voyce, her grace the Graces three,
Her bodie is the Saint that I adore,
Her smiles and fauours sweet as honey bee,
Her feete faire *Thetis* praiseth euermore.
But ah the worst and last is yet behind,
For of a Gryphon she doth beare the mind.

D 4

Iniuious





SONNET. XL.

Iniurious fates to robbe me of my blisse,
And dispossesse my h:art of all his hope:
You ought with iust reuenge to punish misse,
For vnto you the hearts of men are ope.
Iniuriou: fates that hardned haue her hart,
Yet make her face to send out pleasing smiles :
And both are done but to increase my smart,
And intertwaine my loue with falled wiles.
Yet, being (when she smiles) surprisde with ioy,
Ifaine would languish in so sweet a paine:
Beseeching death my bodie to destroy,
Lest on the sudden she should frowne againe.
When men doe wish for death, fates haue no force,
But they (when men would liue) haue no remorse.

The





SONNET. XLI.

The prison I am in is thy faire face,
Wherein my libertie inchained lyes:
My thoughts the bolts that hold me in the place,
My foode the pleasing lookes of thy faire eyes.
Deepe is the prison where I lye inclosed,
Strong are the bolts that in this cell containes me:
Sharpe is the foode necessitie imposed,
When hunger makes me feed on that which paines
Yet doe I loue,imbrace, and follow fast, (me.
That holds,that keepes,that discontents me most:
And list not breake,vnlock,or seeke to waste
The place,the bolts,the foode(though I be lost.)
Better in prison euer to remaiне,
Then being out to suffer greater paine.

When

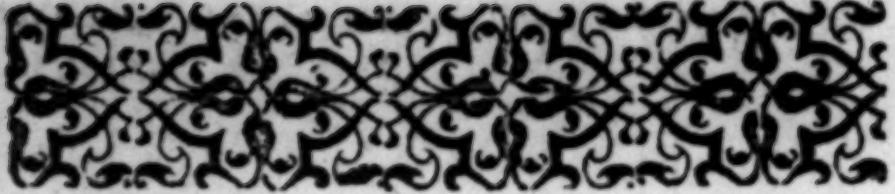




SONNET. XLII.

When neuer speaking silence proues a wonder,
When euer-flying fame at home remaineth,
When all-concealing night keepes darknes vnder,
When Men deuouring wrong, true glorie gaineth:
When Soule-tormenting griefe agrees with ioy,
When Lucifer forerunnes the balefull night,
When Venus doth forsake her little boye,
When her vntoward boye abraineth fight,
When Sisyphus doth cease to roule his stone,
When Oshes shaketh off his heauie chaines:
When Beaultie Queene of pleasure is alone,
When Loue and Vertue quiet peace disdaines.
When these shall be and I not be,
Then will Fideffa pitie me.

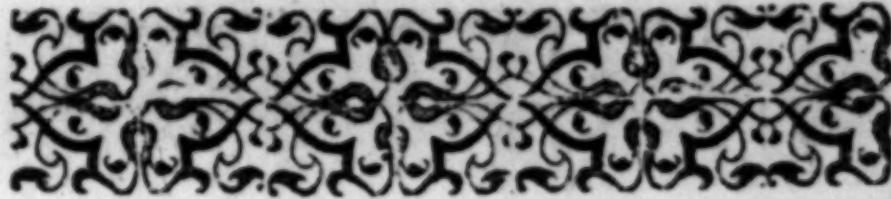
Tell





SONNET. XLIII.

Tell me of loue sweete Loue who is thy fire,
Of if thou mortall or immortall be:
Some say thou art begotten by Desire,
Nourisht with hope, and fed with fantasie:
Ingendred by a heauenly goddesse eye,
Lurking most sweetely in an Angels face:
Others, that beautie thee doth deifie,
Oh Soueraigne beautie full of power and grace !
But I must be absurd all this denying,
Because the fayrest faire aliue nere knew thee:
Now *Cupid* comes thy godhead to the trying,
T'was she alone (such is her power) that flew me;
She shall be Loue, and thou a foolish boye,
Whose vertue proues thy power but a toye. ¶ No





SONNET. XLIII.

NO choice of change can euer change my minde,
Choiceles my choice the choicest choice aliue:
Wonder of women, were she not vnkinde,
The pitiles of pitie to depriue.
Yet she, the kindest creature of her kinde,
Accuseth me of selfe ingratitude:
And well she may, sith by good prooфе I finde
My selfe had dide, had she not helpfull stooде.
For when my sicknes had the vpper hand,
And death began to shew his awfull face;
She tooke great paines my paines for to withstand,
And easde my heart that was in heauie cace.
But cruell now she skorneth what it craueth:
Vnkind in kindnes, murdering while she saueth.

Minc





SONNET. XLV.

My eye bewrayes the secrets of my hart,
 My heart vnfolds his griefe before her face:
Her face bewitching pleasure of my smart,
 Daignes not one looke of mercie and of grace.
My guiltie eye of murder and of treason
 (Friendly conspirator of my decay,
Dumbe eloquence the louers strongest reason)
 Doth weepe it selfe for anger quite away,
And chooseth rather not to be, then bee
 Disloyall, by too-well discharging dutie:
And being out, ioyes it no more can see
 The sugred charmes of all deceiuing beautie.
But (for the other greedily doth eye it)
 I pray you tell me what doe I get by it?

So

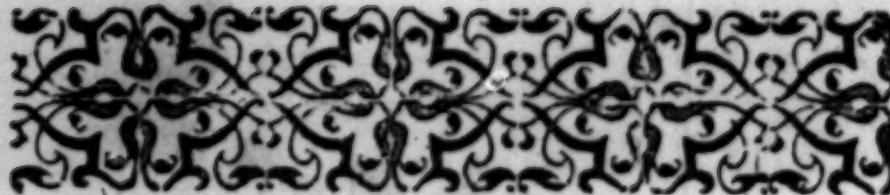




SONNET. XLVI.

So soone as peeping Lucifer Auroraes starre,
The skie with golden perewigs doth spangle,
So soone as Phœbus giues vs light from farre
So soone as fowler doth the bird entangle,
Soone as the watchfull bird (clocke of the morne)
Giues intimation of the dayes appearing,
Soone as the iollie Hunter windes his hotne
His speech & voyce with customes Echo clearing,
Soone as the hungrie Lion seekes his praie,
In solitary range of pathles mountaines,
Soone as the passenger sets on his waie,
So soone as beastes resort vnto the fountaines:
So soone mine eyes their office are discharing,
And I my grieses with greater grieses inlarging.

I see

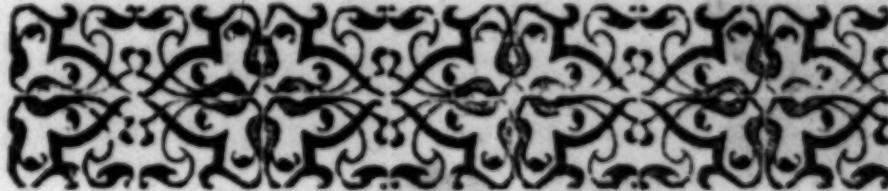




SONNET. XLVII.

I See, I heare, I feele, I knov:, I rue
 My fate, my fame, my paine, my losse, my fall;
Mishap, reproach, disdaine, a crowne, her hue,
 Cruell still flying, false, faire, funerall
To crosse, to shame, bewitch, deceiue, and kill
 My first proceedings in their flowring bloome.
My worthles pen fast chayned to my will,
 My erring life through an yncertaine doome:
My thoughts that yet in lowlines doe mount,
 My heart the subiect of her tyrannie,
What now remaines but her seuere account
 Of murthers crying guilt (foule butcherie.)
She was vrhappie in her cradle breath,
That giuen was to be anothers death.

Murder





SONNET. XLVIII.

Mvrder,oh murder! I can eric no longer,
Murder,oh murder ! is there none to ayde me?
Life seeble is in force,death is much stronger:
Then let me dye that shame may not vpbrayd me.
Nothing is left me now but shame or death:
I feare she feareth not soule murthers guilt,
Nor doe I feare to loose a seruile breath,
I know my bloud was giuen to be spilt.
What is this life but maze of countles strayes,
The enemie of true felicitie:
Fityl compar'd to dreames,to flowers,to playes?
Oh life,no life to me but miserie !
Of shame or death if thou must one,
Make choice of death and both are gone.

My





SONNET. XLIX.

MY cruell fortunes clowded with a frowne,
Lurke in the bosome of eternall night:
My climing thoughts are basely haled downe,
My best deuices proue but after-sight.
Poore outcast of the worlds exiled roome,
I liue in wildernes of deepe lament:
No hope reseru'd me but a hopeles tombe,
When fruitles life, and fruitfull woes are spent.
Shall Phœbus hinder little starres to shine,
Or loftie Cedar Mushrome leauē to growe?
Sure mightie men at little ones repine,
The rich is to the poore a common foe,
Fides seeing how the world doth goe,
Ioyneth with fortune in my ouerthrow.

E

When

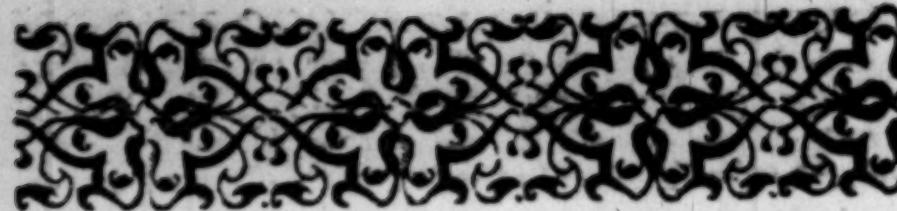




SONNET. L.

When I the hooches of pleasure first deuowred,
Which vndigested, threaten now to choke me,
Fortune on me her golden graces shewred,
Oh then delight did to delight prouoke me.
Delight, false instrument of my decay,
Delighteth nothing that doth all things moue,
Made me first wander from the perfect way,
And fast intangled me in the snares of loue.
Then my vnhappy happiness (at first) began,
Happie, in that I lou'd the fayrest faire :
Vnhappily despisde, a haples man
Thus ioy did triumph, triumph did despaire.
My conquest is which shall the conquest gaine:
Fadessa author both of ioy and paine.

Worke





SONNET. L.I.

WOrke worke apace you blessed Sisters three,
In restles twining of my fatall threed:
Oh let your nimble hands at once agree,
To weauet it out, and cut it off with speed.
Then shall my vexed and tormented ghost
Haue quiet passage to the Elisan rest:
And sweetly ouer death and fortune boast,
In euerlasting triumphs with the blest.
But ah(too well I know) you haue conspired
A lingring death for him that lotheth life:
As if with woes he neuer could be tyred:
For this you hide your all-diuiding knife.
One comfort yet the heauens haue alsign'd me,
That I must dye and leauue my grieves behind me.

E 2

It

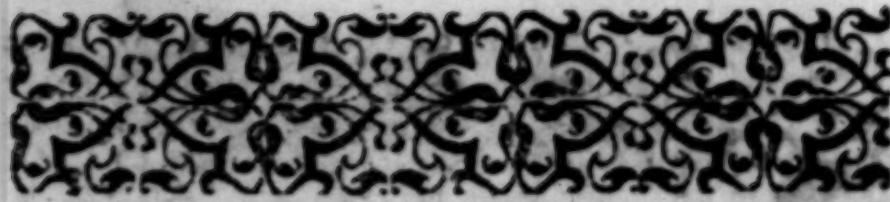




SONNET. LIV.

IT is some comfort to the wronged man,
The wronger of iniustice to vpbraide:
Iustly my selfe herein I comfort can,
And iustly call her an vngratefull maide.
Thus am I pleasede to rid my selfe of crime,
And stop the mouth of all-reporting fame:
Counting my greatest crosse the losse of time,
And all my priuat grieve her publique shame.
Ah(but to speake a trueth)hence are my cares,
And in this comfort all discomfort resteth:
My harmes I cause(her scandale)vnawares,
Thus loue procures the thing that loue detesteth.
For he that viewes the glasses of my smart,
Must needs report she hath a flintie hart.

I





SONNET. LIII.

I Was a king of sweet content at least,
But now from out my kingdome banished:
I was chiefe guest at faire Dame pleasures feast,
But now I am for want of succour famished.
I was a Saint and heauen was my rest,
But now cast downe into the lowest hell:
Vile caytifes may not liue amongst the bleſſed,
Nor blessed men mongſt cursed caytifes dwell.
Thus am I made an exile of a king,
Thus choice of meates to want of food is changed:
Thus heauens losſe doth hellish torments bring:
Selfe crosses make me from my ſelfe eſtranged.
Yet am I ſtill the ſame: but made another,
Then not the ſame: alas I am no other.

E 3

If

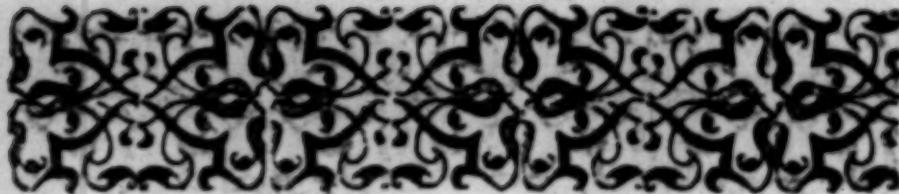




SONNET. LIII.

If great *Apollo* offered as a dower
His burning throne to Beauties excellency:
If *Love* himselfe came in a golden shower
Downe to the earth to fetch faire *Is thence*:
If *Venus* in the curled locks were tied
Of proud *Adonis* not of gentle kind:
If *Tellus* for a shepheards fauour died,
(The fauour cruell loue to her assign'd)
If heauens wing'd Herrald *Hermes* had
His heart enchanted with a countesse maide:
If poore *Pygmalion* were for beautie mad:
If gods and men haue all for beautie straide,
I am not then ashame'd to be included
Mongst those that loue and be with loue deluded.

Oh





SONNET. LV.

O H no I dare not, oh I may not speake !
Yes, yes, I dare, I can, I must, I will :
Then heart powre forth thy plaints & do not break,
Let neuer fancie manly courage kill.
Intreate her mildly, words haue pleasing charmes,
Of force to moue the most obdurate heart
To take relenting pitie of my harmes,
And with vnfained teares to waile my smart.
Is she a stocke, a blocke, a stone, a flint ?
Hath she nor eares to heare, nor eyes to see ?
If so, my cries, my prayers, my teares shall stinge.
Lord how can louers be bewitchedbee !
I tooke her to be beauties Queene alone,
But now I see she is a scorneles stone.

E 4

Is

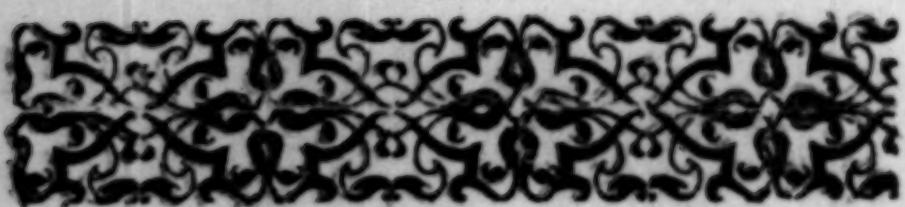




SONNET. LVI.

Is trust betraide, doth kindnes grow vnkind? in H.C.
Can beautie (both at once) giue life and kill? in H.C.
Shall fortune alter the most constant mind? in T.
Will reason yeeld vnto rebelling will? in T.
Dough fancie purchase praise, and vertue shame? in O.
May shewes of goodnes lurke in treacherie? in O.
Hath trueth vnto her selfe procured blame? in T.
Must sacred Muses suffer miserie? in A.
Are women woé to men, traps for their falles? in A.
Differ their words, their deedes, their lookes, their
Haue louers euer been their tennis-balles? (lines 1-2)
in I.
Be husbands fearefull of the chasteſt wiues? in I.
All men doe theſe affirme, and ſo muſt I:
Vnleſſe *Fides* giue to me the lyce. in I.

Three

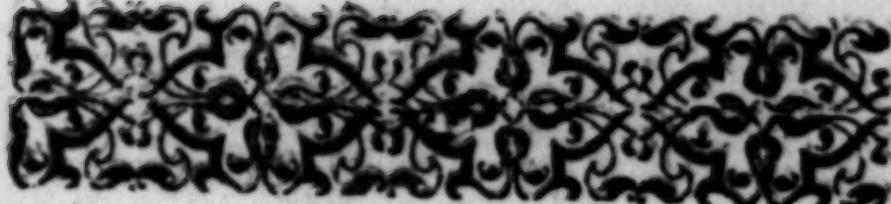




SONNET. LVII.

Three play-fellowes (such three were never seene
In *Venus* court) vpon a summers day,
Met altogether on a pleasant greene,
Intending at some pretie game to play.
They *Dian*, *Cupid*, and *Fideffa* were:
Their wager, beautie, bow, and cruelties:
The conqueresse the stakes away did beare,
Whose fortune then it was to winne all three.
Fideffa, which doth these as weapons vse,
To make the greatest heart her will obey:
And yet the most obedient to refuse,
As hauing power poore louers to betray:
With these she wounds, she heales, giues life & death:
More power hath none that liues by mortall breath.

Oh





SONNET. LVIII.

OH beautie Syren, kept with Cyrces rod:
The fairest good in seeme, but fowlest ill:
The sweetest plague ordain'd for man by God,
The pleasing subiect of presumptuous will:
Th'alluring obiect of vnstaied eyes,
Friended of all, but vnto all a foc:
The dearest thing that any creature buyes,
And vainest too: (it serues but for a shooe.)
In seeme a heauen, and yet from blisse exiling,
Paying for truest seruice, nought but paine:
Yong mens vndoing: yong and old beguiling,
Mans greatest losse, though thought his greatest
True, that all this with paine enough I proue: (gaine.
And yet most true, I will Fdes loue.

Doe





SONNET. LIX.

D^Oc I vnto a cruell Tyger pray,
That praies on me as wolfe vpon the Lambes?
(Who feare the danger both of night and day,
And runne for succour to their tender dammes)
Yet will I pray(though she be euer cruelle)
On bended knee, and with submissiue hart:
She is the fire, and I must be the fuell,
She must inflict, and I indure the smart.
She must, she shall, be mistris of her will,
And I (poore I) obedient to the same:
As fit to suffer death, as she to kill,
As readie to be blam'd, as she to blame.
And for I am the subiect of her ire,
All men shall know thereby my loue intire.

Oh

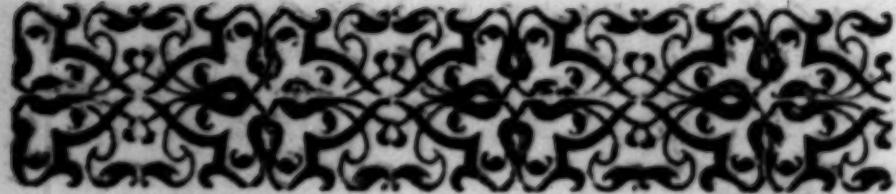




SONNET. LX.

O H let me sigh, weepe, waile, and crie no more,
Or let me sigh, weepe, waile, crie more and more:
Yea let me sigh, weepe, waile, crie euer-more:
For she doth pitie my complaints no more,
Then cruell Pagan, or the sauadge Moore:
But still doth addē vnto my torment's more,
Which grieuous are to me by so much more,
As she inflicts them, and doth wish them more.
Oh let thy mercie (merciles) be neuer more!
So shall sweet death to me be welcome more,
Then is to hungrie beastes the grassie moore:
Ah she that to affliction ads yet more,
Becomes more cruell, by still adding more!
Wearie am I to speake of this word (more)
Yet neuer wearie she to plague me more.

Fides fides

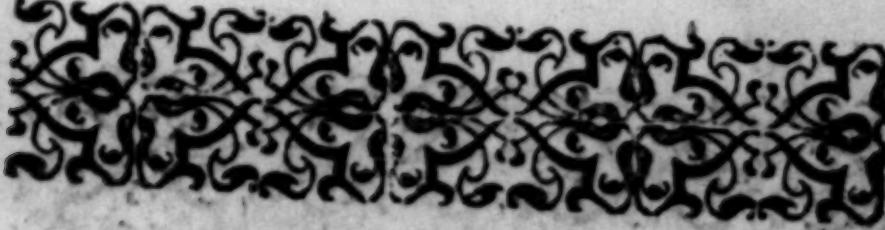




SONNET. LXI.

Fides worth in time begetteth praise,
Time praise, praise, fame, fame wonderment,
Wonder, fame, praise, time, her worth doe raise
To hiest pitch of dread astonishment.
Yet tiane in time her hardned heart bewraieth,
And praise it selfe her cructie dispraiseth:
So that through praise (alas) her praise decaith,
And that (which makes it fall) her honor raiseth.
Most strange: yet true, so wonder wonder still,
And follow fast the wonder of these daies:
For well I know (all wonder to fulfill)
Her will at length vnto my will obaies.
Meane time let others praise her constancie,
And me attend vpon her clemencie.

Most





SONNET. LXII.

Most true that I must faire *Fideffa* loue,
Most true that faire *Fideffa* cannot loue.
Most true that I doe feele the paines of loue,
Most true that I am captiue vnto loue.
Most true that I deluded am with loue,
Most true that I doe find the sleights of loue.
Most true that nothing can procure her loue,
Most true that I must perish in my loue.
Most true that she contemnes the god of loue,
Most true that he is snared with her loue.
Most true that she would haue me cease to loue,
Most true that she her selfe alone is Loue.
Most true that though she hated I would loue,
Most true that dearest life shall end with loue.

FINIS. B.Griffin.

* *Talis apud tales, talis sub tempore tales:
Subque meo tales iudice, tales ero.*



